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Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-nine. K

OR, THE

MODERN P----S.

A

SATIRE.

Moſt Humbly Inſcrib'd to the

Right Honourable *PHILIP* Earl of *Cheſterfield.*

But who will call thoſe Noble, who deface
By meaner Acts, the Glory of their Race;
Whoſe only Title to their Father's Fame,
Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name. JUVEN.

LONDON:
Printed for T. REYNOLDS; and Sold by the Book-
8 ſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. 1739.

(Price Six-pence)

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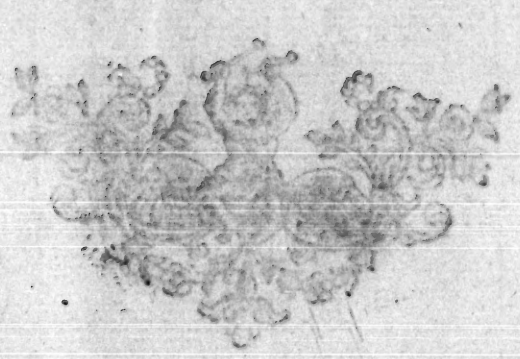

LONDON:

Printed for T. Reynolds; and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1739.

(Price Six-pence)

Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-nine.

WHEN Virtue in her Infancy appear'd,
And all her Sons, with Joy, her Precepts heard;
When *Rome* and *Athens*, with a Rival Flame,
In glorious Emulation ſtrove for Fame;
To that lov'd Virtue the firſt Lyre was ſtrung,
The earlieſt Leſſon which the Muſes ſung:
Laws were enforc'd, enacted, or repeal'd,
And Nations tryumph'd as the Muſe prevail'd.

'Twas her's, when Tyranny, Oppreſſion, Power,
Threaten'd Deſtruction, to avert the Hour;
'Twas her's, to teach when *Stateſmen* were unjuſt;
When Knaves by Intereſt fill'd each Place of Truſt:
When Merit ſhun'd Corruptions of a Court,
And Fools were wealthy but for Fortune's ſport:
'Twas her's, to charm a thouſand different Ways,
And raviſh'd Monarchs felt her Power to pleaſe:
Nor was it thought inglorious to be free
A Member of the Muſes Company.

But now, oh fatal Period! ſad Decline!
She finds Admiſſion to few Breaſts like thine:
To you with grateful Pleaſure ſhe imparts
The deareſt Secrets of her Siſter-Arts:
Does all the Treaſure of her Soul unbind,
And pours her Bleſſings on a generous Mind.

You dread no Cenſure, but ſecurely ſit
From Malice free, ſole Arbiter of Wit;
No Muſe can dictate Scandal to your Name,
No Envy fix a Blemiſh on your Fame:
Oh, that your great Example wou'd prevail,
That Arts might flouriſh where, I fear, they fail!

How will it ſound, when future Ages know,
That B——H P——S are ſworn the Muſes Foe?
When Fame herſelf ſhall bluſh to ſay, his Grace
Is now remember'd but for being baſe:
When B——H Nobles on Record are found
Ty'd to the Forfeit of five hundred Pound,
T' oppreſs the Muſe, to baniſh all her Arts,
And in invidious Hate, hold Men of Parts.

Satire, alone to theſe confine your Rage;
With the high Subject ſwell the growing Page:
Since *Pope*, or ſlumbers, or neglects thy Cauſe,
Who leads the Muſes, and directs their Laws;
Do thou, bold Muſe, purſue the bolder Theme,
And drink deep Draughts of the *Pireneian* Stream.

Let *Spain*'s great Monarch all our Rights invade,
Or maim our Subjects, or deſpoil our Trade:
Let *France* her gaudy Fripperies impoſe,
Her Wines, her Faſhions, and her Raree-Shows:
Let V——TE plod out an opprobrious Life,
And baſely for Preferment *truck* his Wife:
Let Fleets be mann'd without Deſign to fight,
And *peaceful Armies* guard a Nation's Right:
Let S——N bubble, and let W——R's grow great,
While N——s ſink beneath a publick Debt:

Let

Let H——K's Squadron the Flotilla take,
And H——CE wiſe Negotiations make;
H——CE whom Envy muſt it ſelf allow,
Equally fit for Councils —— or the Plough.

Let *Sexes bathe* by *Luna*'s paler Light,
And mingle ſafe beneath the Veil of Night.
Let *Antient* PISTOL hide his ſhameleſs Head,
While his WIFE wantons ſafe in S——K's Bed.
Let dapper HUGONOTS pretend to Wit,
Harangue the Town, or ſtrut about the Pit,
Fooliſhly buſy, chatt'ring like a Daw,
Miſtaking Power, and trampling on the Law.
Let the great LAUREAT in diſcordant Sound,
And Nonſenſe moſt elaborate abound;
Since all his *Birth-Day Odes* do plainly ſhew,
He does his firſt Outdoings far outdo.
Let CODEX promiſe and deceive his Friend,
Yet the *meek Hypocrite* to Truth pretend.
And thoſe choice Spirits of the Age to paſs,
Or B——NS Pimp, or *Baker* beat his Braſs.
Let Lady H——T triumph in her Charms,
And hug her Captive Songſter in her Arms;
Let *uncorrupted* M——s ſit once more,
Levy new T——s, and divorce a Score;
Their *learn'd Addreſs* obſequiouſly return,
Run freſh in Debt, and ſo again adjourn.

Let theſe and thouſand others loudly call,
Tho' thy Reproofs were ſharp, thy Ink were Gall,
Reject, thou dear-lov'd Muſe, reject them all.
Mourn the ſad Fate that Learning undergoes,—
Vent all thy Rage on her determin'd Foes:

Purſue

Purſue with all thy Malice, void of Fears,
Thoſe ſhining HEROES the Proteſting P——s.
P——s of the firſt, moſt eminent Degree,
But laſt in Fame, tho' firſt in Dignity:
P——s whom the Muſe beholds with equal Scorn,
And loudly mourns that ever ſuch were born.

Say, is it Juſtice, oh ye *little* GREAT!
That *Impudence* and Merit meet one Fate?
Is there no Bard among the numerous Herd,
No riſing Genius fit to be prefer'd?
Could no ſmall Portion be reſerv'd in Store
Of thoſe vaſt Sums oft given to a Whore,
Till witty Want came humbly to your Door?
I grant, ſome Poetaſters of the Town,
With falſe Subſcriptions begging up and down,
With little Merit, and as little Shame,
Can no juſt Title to your Favour claim:
But theſe deſpis'd, there ſure remain ſome few,
Who ought to ſhare your Praiſe and Bounty too.

NERO, tho' cruel, paid the Muſe Regard,——
And tho' a bad one, was himſelf a Bard:
Shall then the B——H Nobles be outdone
By *Rome*'s moſt wicked and abandon'd Son?
But R——D to that Pitch his Hate purſues,
So ſtrong is his Averſion to the Muſe,
That *lofty Legends* in his Hall declare,
There's no Admittance for the Muſes there.
Expreſſive Terms! but hard to reconcile,
Where Arts ſhou'd flouriſh, and the Graces ſmile!
Go on, brave R——D, all due Meaſures take,
Leſt D——ss ſhou'd commit ſome dire Miſtake;

Forbid

Forbid all Letters, even a *Play-House Bill*,
Leſt the looſe Paper ſhou'd looſe Thoughts inſtil.

The Sages ſay, the bitter Gall of Life,
Is *wittol Husband*, and a *wanton Wife*.

Great B——N, ſo much for Taſte approv'd,
Ador'd by ſome, almoſt by all belov'd;
But ſordid *Avarice*, that Bane of Good,
Has now prevail'd, and taints thy noble Blood.

Thou M——R, ſo eminently known,
As Woodcock wiſe, and active as a Drone;
Why ſhou'd the Muſe expect thy *bounteous Hand*
Shou'd nouriſh Arts thou can'ſt not underſtand?
Reel to thy Reſt, o'ercharg'd with Gallick Wine,
The pureſt Product of the fruitful Vine.

And B——E, who ought to have Pretence
To Learning, to Humanity, and Senſe;
Gives the laſt Cruſh to Senſe and Learning too,
And wou'd *Apollo* and his Sons undo.
Plod on, my Lord, plod on, in ſober Eaſe,
And with thy well-rigg'd Veſſel plough the Seas;
Th' advent'rous Merchant's Property invade,
Steer by the Compaſs, and *purſue thy Trade*.

Thou H——D——R grown handſome in thy Years,
Are yet no Level for the B——H P——s:
That here thou'rt leagu'd the Muſe ſhall only tell;
Attend thy *Sing-Song*, and at once farewel.

Who is that Bard, whoſe Portrait can be found,
In the rich Hall with Laurels nobly crown'd? The

The fav'rite Lap-Dog, and poor Poll are there,
And SPRING just ſtretching for the fim'rous Hare;
The loud-tongu'd Beagle, and the foaming Horſe,
Prancing the Plains, and eager for the Courſe,
Drawn to the Life, and by the ableſt Hands,
For theſe are Arts his *Lordſhip* underſtands:
The Coſt is trifling, tho' 'twere half his Rent;——
The Beaſt has Merit, and my Lord Content.

Then the high Pleaſure he receives, to run
Over the Matches the ſwift Creature won;
Dwells on his *Praiſe*, and round his Chamber walks,
Drinks his *Tea cold*, and to his Parrot talks:
The *gaudy Nothing* dreſs'd, he ſtalks away,
Viſits the Mall, his Miſtreſs, and the Play;
Laughs at § *Sir Martin's Folly*, nor yet knows
He is himſelf the Fool *Sir Martin* ſhews:
Murders the Ballad he attempts to ſing,
Talks to the Ladies, and diſplays his Ring,——
Thus Months and Years roll on, but not one Look
On that laborious, trifling Thing, a Book.

O CHESTERFIELD! impertinently rude
Upon your precious Moments I intrude.
To you, my Lord, belongs a nobler Verſe;
Your Fancy ſtronger, and your Fire more fierce;
Weak on the Subject I have dwelt too long,
But bleſs my Task, if you approve my Song:——
And may ſome abler Muſe the Theme purſue,
A Work, my Lord, as yet reſerv'd for you,
To laſh the *Fools* who wou'd her State undo.

§ A Character in a Play.

FINIS.